

THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. NEWMAN, Proprietor.

Independent in Everything.

J. M. WINCHELL, Editors.
JAMES JOHONNOT,

VOL. 1.—No. 14.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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Poetry.

Original.

"HOPE ON--HOPE ON--HOPE EVER."

"Hope on—hope on—hope ever"—
In every change of life ;
Hope on ; and yield thee never
To storms of earthly strife.
Hope on—though faintly beameth
The light of that fair ray
Whose fading brightness seemeth
In night to pass away.

"Hope on—hope on—hope ever"—
'Mid sorrow, pain and wo,
Though every tie should sever
That binds thee here below.
Hope on, with faith unceasing,
Where'er thy lot be cast ;
Thy future joys increasing
From mem'ries of the past.

"Hope on—hope on—hope ever"—
No dark and gloomy night
Is cheered and lighted never
With rays of heaven-born light.
No joy comes unattended
By shadows of regret ;
No grief is grief unblended—
We mourn but to forget.

Then hope—hope on—hope ever—
Lift up thy down-east eye,
And gladly trust forever—
A Providence on high.

Then, calmly shall thy spirit
The ills of life sustain,
And, conquering death, inherit
Her native skies again.

KAPPA ALPHA.
Union College, June, 1849.

Original.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"O if you love me, bring me flowers!"
Bring them when my heart is weary,
And the days seem long and sad ;
When the moonlit hours are dreary,
When the star-lamps gleam not clearly,
And the birds' song is not glad.

When I miss the kindly greeting
Of the voices known at home ;
When strange the tone my ear is meeting,
And my heart is quickly beating,
For the loved ones do not come.

O ! bring them to me when I feel
The mad'ning fever in my pulse ;
Bring them to me—they will steal
The throbbing from my brow, and cool
The burning current in its course.

Bring, bring me flowers when on my heart
There lies the shadow of a care !
They teach me of the better part ;—
Whispering to the burdened heart,
They wake, of joy, a gushing there.

They whisper of my mother's love ;
They whisper of my childhood's hours ;
They whisper, 'there is rest above !'
Like "angel messengers," they prove !
"O if you love me, bring me flowers."

EDIA.

MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.—The following short advice, by William Penn, should be kept in mind by all young persons who are thinking of committing matrimony :—"Never marry but for love, and see thou love what is lovely."

"Go to thunder," is now rendered, "Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery."

Why is cough candy like a miser's money ?
Because it is put in *coughers*.

Tales.

Original.

THE PRESIDENT STORIES;
OR
SEVEN NIGHTS AT WELCH'S.

BY CHARLES ACTON.

THRICE BETROTHED.

(CONCLUDED.)

It was with high hopes that I returned to my native town—poor, indeed, in worldly wealth, but rich in self-discipline, in knowledge, in love, in fame ; for my last year had won me laurels which to me were as glorious as those awarded by a world to one with world-wide fame.

My stay at home was brief; I flew on the wings of impatient love to the presence of Chloe.

I had not anticipated finding any one there. My eagerness outran all thought of contingencies. I was therefore embarrassed at finding myself in presence of a stranger—a gentleman seemingly on sufficiently intimate terms, from the easy manner in which he lounged in his seat, and the cool astonishment with which he regarded my abrupt entrance. But if his self-possession remained undisturbed, such was certainly not the case with Chloe. She sprang from her seat, and seemed much inclined to give me a more cordial welcome than the presence of a stranger would justify. This impulse was restrained, and my presentment made to Mr. Maltby.

I hardly know why I felt jealous of this man, on the instant; it might have been caused by his *nonchalance*, and an air of disquiet which succeeded Chloe's first greeting. She was evidently ill at ease. As for Maltby, he eyed me very much as a cur would somerival whom he suspected of designs on a favorite bone.—How I regarded him, I do not know, but I presume my annoyance was much less disguised.

Without minutely describing this man, I will give an idea of his appearance. As far as physical beauty was concerned, he was handsome—exceedingly so; of good stature,

regular features, and an easy grace which set off the rest. Yet there was that about him which inspired me with aversion. His black eye, at times, gleamed with the cunning of the serpent's; his smile was false and heartless; the tone of his voice, though finely modulated, utterly insincere. Besides, though his address, as I said, was good, yet was there something about it, which indicated the *parvenu*; the genuine courtesy of a kindly heart, and manners formed from its promptings, was not there.

He was elegantly dressed, and evidently unconscious that any possibility existed of any body being more *genteel* than himself. As his eye wandered significantly over my dusty and well-worn habiliments, I felt that every glance was intended to convey an insult. My cheek, I am sure, grew red, for I felt it; but it paled again on noticing that Chloe had observed it, and with even more annoyance than myself. She was evidently ashamed of the contrast between us—the gay fop, and the poor student.

During these few moments, a conversation of common-places ensued, which hardly reached beyond the requirements of mere civility. The presence of Chloe, alone, restrained my new acquaintance from insolence; it also saved me, I suspect, from a proceeding still less justifiable.

Every minute increased the embarrassment of Chloe, the coolness of Mr. Maltby, and my own discomposure. I was disappointed—annoyed—enraged. I had come with all the impatient fondness of a lover, after long absence; I found, as I thought, a rival, and one who seemed resolved to maintain his ground. I saw that my own appearance had caused mortification to her; this was the bitterest of all. I hesitated whether I should not take my leave; yet I fancied that Chloe's glance implored me to stay.

Finally, Maltby rose. His leave-taking was peculiar; without transgressing ordinary etiquette, he seemed to say, to me "you have crossed me—beware!"—to her, it expressed entire devotion, with contempt for her rustic acquaintance, and complete confidence in his ability to set aside any such slight obstacles to his designs.

My first inquiry, when we were alone, was of her new lover. To my surprise, she knew scarcely more of him than I. He was distantly related to a family in the neighborhood, who took great pride in showing off so promising a cousin. His wealth was said to be enormous; he had traveled, and seen all the world which so great a man conceived worthy his attention. He was staying a few weeks with his country cousins—himself an inhabitant of Boston—simply to rusticate. It would seem that the interval was very well employed in making love to the "best match" in the country, so eloquently did she descant upon his wealth, his fashion, his fascinating powers.

To all this I listened with great gravity.—Was she really captivated by this brilliant *prestige*? or was her description intended as a little piece of coquetry, to excite my jealousy? If the latter, Heaven knows it was needless. I could not conceal my vexation. I upbraided her with her supposed fickleness. She retorted with spirit, and we parted in anger.

How wearily did I return to my home; how long was that road which I had so lately traveled, unconscious of distance;—wholly occu-

pied with bright anticipations of the future. Those anticipations—where were they now?

All that night, my sleep was haunted with fearful dreams. At one time, I fancied myself at the entrance of a garden of surpassing beauty, and beckoned on by a hand I knew to be Chloe's. Suddenly, it changed to the head of a snake; its beautiful eyes fixed on mine with a terrible fascination, and its hissing tongue, at the same time, forbidding my advance.—Again it changed, and, without losing its reptile character, assumed the likeness of Maltby. Suddenly, I felt its cold coils winding about my body—the terrible eyes glared fiendishly upon me, and the venomous tongue hissed curses in my ear. I was standing on the brink of a precipice, whose base was hid in sulphurous clouds, through which were dimly discernible loathsome shapes, and from which ascended such awful sounds as I had heard in my delirium. I felt myself impelled by the monster against whose toils I vainly struggled, to cast myself headlong. I would have struggled, but lacked the power. Overcome with horror, I closed my eyes to shut out the maddening sights before them, and fancied myself about descending into the abyss, when a strong hand drew me backward, and I awoke.

The hand was real. My father had heard my moanings, and entered my room. The habit of somnambulism, which had partially troubled me from childhood, stimulated by the excitement of my fancy, had urged me to quit my bed, and dash myself down from a window near by. A moment longer, and the fate I imagined might have been partially realized. His interference saved me.

I slept no more that night. Impelled by an influence for which I could not account, I went forth, and took the direction of Mr. Neville's. It was a fine night in June; the stars shone modestly from a moonlit sky, and the slightest possible breeze fanned my burning forehead. On I went, with no object save the dreamy, indefinite impulse that hovered over me. It was still early in the night—scarcely past eleven—when I came in sight of the dwelling. I started, and seemed, for the first time, awake, on seeing a light in the sitting-room which Chloe usually frequented. I now had a motive for proceeding. I fancied that some startling development was about to be made, in which was involved my connection with Chloe. The very lamp, faintly beaming through the light, intervening shrubbery, took, to my fevered fancy, an expression of warning, as of some unseen peril; such an expression as the lone beacon-light may assume to the eye of the midnight mariner it saves from shipwreck and death.

I stealthily approached the window. Parting carefully the shrubbery which embosomed it, my eye took in the whole scene. It was not one whose anticipation could warrant the breach of good manners of which I was guilty. But what was etiquette, or courtesy, to me, at that moment? I had no regard for anything, save the one idea which had taken possession of my mind.

Two persons sat on a sofa, in deep conversation. It needed not the light of the distant lamp to reveal to me who they were, for clearly came to my ear the soft tones of Chloe—the false, but persuasive accents of Maltby.

So acute was my sense, as I listened, that it would have caught the whisper of a Fairy.—

Every syllable fell distinctly upon it, and burned its way to my heart. He was urging her to revoke her vows to me, and plighted her faith anew to himself. Every argument was tried which could influence a vain woman to disregard the right. He painted a life of splendor, with every luxury which wealth could yield its mistress, dazzling even her, who had been nursed in its cradle. With this, he contrasted long years of poverty and scorn; years embittered by disappointment, and thwarted ambition. And then, after alluding to my captions jealousy, as an indication of a temper already developing its weakness, he hinted—and I ground my teeth in speechless rage—at the malady which had so long afflicted my family. How he had learned the facts which he intermingled with his falsehood, I know not; nor where he obtained the skill so aptly to apply them. But certain it is, that, as I continued to listen, my hatred of him was almost absorbed in abhorrence of myself. Was I, in truth, the creature there depicted? the victim of a misfortune destined to involve all who loved me, in wretchedness? I could scarcely answer his arguments to myself. As he painted my past life, with as much faithfulness as I could myself have done it with—my easy abandonment to temptation—my near approach to the most terrible of deaths—I felt myself a wretch for offering to involve one I loved in such, almost inevitable, ruin. These impulses were but momentary; I recount them, to illustrate the artful eloquence with which the heart of Chloe was besieged.

And it prevailed. Gradually, her tears flowed less plentifully; her countenance assumed a glow like that of passion. Her hand—her lips—were surrendered to his kisses;—I heard her pledge to him, as she had once done to me, the most solemn vow that mortal may utter to mortal. This step once taken, she gave way to a flow of spirits such as I had rarely seen. She seemed resolved to drive from her mind some specter that haunted it. Ah! she could not.

Then came a consultation as to the means by which she should relieve herself of the old obligation. He counseled an immediate letter, forbidding me, for reasons omnipotent with her, ever to enter her presence. But no persuasion could induce her to take this step. She would not violate her promise without cause. She was convinced of my unworthiness, and that her affection had been a romantic dream of girlhood, without foundation in reason; but no consideration should induce her to cast me off, without palpable evidence of the truth. This, she said, was due to her own reputation, at least.

I am astonished that I listened to so much in silence. I wonder that I did not obey the impulse which urged me to spring upon him, and throttle him, on the instant. But with this last declaration, my thoughts took a new turn; I moved slightly, rustling the lilac-boughs, and causing them both to start and look towards me. Though invisible, I dared not remain longer. I fancied Maltby approaching; and turning away, I glided hastily from the spot. To have allowed him to discover me, would have been to commit murder.

The rest of the night is too confused for memory to recall its emotions. I felt a kind of stupor, which yet did not preclude thought. I have a dim remembrance of many visions

passing before me as I walked slowly homeward. As is often the case, the blow, by its very weight, made me calm. A lighter disappointment would have lashed my passions into uncontrollable fury; but this was the calmness of despair.

I returned home, and slept away the remainder of the night; it was a dull, heavy stupor, leaving no dreams, and scarcely refreshing my wearied system. Late in the day I rose, with the consciousness of a heavy sorrow on my soul. My ambition was forgotten; nothing filled my mind but the haunting recollections of the night.

I formed a sort of plan for my conduct.—My first intention had been to return to Chloe her worthless promise, leaving her at entire liberty. But the last words I had heard her speak, gave me a new thought. Certain, as it was, that Maltby was a villain, could I facilitate the consummation which he sought, reckless of all consequences to others? My love for Chloe, not conquered, even yet, revolted at the idea of such a sacrifice. Besides, I had a sort of fiendish curiosity to witness the means to which he would resort for the accomplishment of his purpose. I therefore resolved to do nothing which would indicate any suspicion of the truth. But to conceal my emotions, I knew that there was but one way; and that, to engage in some active business which would demand my attention.

It was, therefore, with a resolute will, though a heavy heart, that I plunged into the business of the farm. That very day saw me engrossed in its cares. With scarcely any reference to actual utility, I laid plans which convinced my father that I had become half mad over the new theories of Agricultural science. Could he have guessed my real aims, his astonishment could not have been less. My program was not intended to interfere at all with his own time-honored routine; it was simply to give me employment, and enable me to watch closely the developments for which I waited.

The shadows of twilight lay upon the lawn before my window, when there came a loud rap at the door. It was unfamiliar—sudden—decisive. Rising from the table, all strewed with papers, at which I had been working, I opened the door, and saw—Maltby.

I did not knock him down, nor kick him from the door-step. I could feel the blood rushing to my heart in torrents; I knew that he must notice my ghastly paleness. But his own smile was so bland—so cordial;—his voice so kindly, and the pressure of the hand with which he took mine, so earnest, that it would have been the most impolite ingratitude in me to refuse him common civility. I did more—for my self-possession stood me in good stead, and his deep hypocrisy was contagious;—I returned his smile—the warm pressure of his hand—and welcomed him to my home.

His eye dwelt on my every motion, as though it would draw thence the secrets of my bosom. I was entirely calm; his scrutiny was vain.

He was not long in making known his ostensible errand. He had unwittingly, he said, done me an injustice, and he hastened to repair it. Conscientious man! He referred, with seeming pain, to our meeting the previous evening. He had not suspected me to be a suitor of Chloe's; being such himself, he had manifested a courtesy which he deeply re-

gretted. He confessed with unexampled candor, that he had that very evening sought an interview with Chloe, and from her lips heard a statement of our connection. Of course, he had instantly forborne his suit; honor, and justice, and even his regard for her, demanded it. The blow was to him a severe one, but he trusted to bear it in a manner becoming one who had dared to aspire to her hand. He was anxious now to do me justice; to become my friend, if I could permit it. He should soon leave the country, forever.

I listened to this marvelous confession with profound astonishment, at the man's duplicity. I knew that his object must be of the most atrocious character, though I could not immediately divine it. He evidently labored under a vague impression that I might know something of his last night's interview with Chloe, though he indulged no suspicion of my having heard any part of it. He had entered upon the execution of some plan for the forfeiture of our betrothal.

As I before remarked, his hypocrisy was contagious. My ingenuousness fully equalled his own. In a fitting manner, I expressed my admiration of his conduct, and willingly—nay, almost eagerly—accepted his proffered friendship.

So ready a reader of human nature did not protract his stay till it became tedious. He left me, after renewing his assurances of friendly feeling, and regret at his *faux pas*; left, with the understanding that we should meet, again, on the day following, for the purpose of a pleasure jaunt to some neighboring spot of interest.

My reflections after his departure, I will not attempt to describe. I had anticipated a great variety of plans which he would use to compass his end; but nothing equaling this, in effrontery, had been conceived. But for the astounding scene I had witnessed the previous evening, his apparent frankness would have imposed upon me, and I might have been in a situation to fall an easy victim to his skillfully spread snare. But with the knowledge I had gained, though I could not pierce the mark of his dissimulation sufficiently to discover his precise plan, I felt strong to defeat his general purpose.

From that time forward, we became friends, if I may be allowed to use that sacred word in such a mocking sense. We rode, walked, hunted, read together, with the same seeming cordiality as though our hearts were not devoured with eternal hatred. His was the self-control of a man whose natural hypocrisy enabled him to conceal every emotion that should interfere with the deadly purpose which his strong will had determined to work out; mine, that of one whom a great injury had rendered careless of every thing but itself. Not a look, nor a word, I am sure, ever betrayed the dark secret which oppressed my bosom with its presence. I was prepared, at all points, for any stratagem, or any force which he might attempt. Often, when standing alone with him on some lofty crag, where an unguarded man might be hurled easily down to certain death, have I braced my sinews for a struggle, perhaps of death. Never, for a moment, did I place myself in his power; never, after catching a glimpse of the dagger he wore in his vest, did I trust myself by night or day, without weapons of defense. I was equally jealous in all

things; my over-wrought imagination suggested the possibility that the cup which he offered to quench my thirst, might hold within it the revenge of the poisoner.

These fears, I am now satisfied were vain; they were the result, as I said, of an imagination wrought to a state of positive disease.—John Maltby was not the man to coolly plan murder whose punishment came within the province of the law. The elements of cautiousness mingled too largely in his composition. He was one of those greater scoundrels who usually do their deeds under the shield of legal power; none of your half-witted, mediocrities knaves, who tenant the state prison or grace the gallows. He would have made a capital judge, or lawyer, or broker; a man who could perpetrate crimes at which the hardiest felon would turn pale, and do it all under the respectable cloak of conventional justice.

No; his agents were subtler, far, than these. His first design, as I afterwards learned, was simply to foment in my mind, jealousies which would induce me, of myself, to decline fulfilling the engagement I had made. How vain were all the frightful phantoms I had conjured up! how useless my precautions! I had defended strongly the parts not exposed, and left the vulnerable one open to attack.

Gradually, I know not how, I felt myself losing the regard I had felt for Chloe. I occasionally visited her; sometimes with Maltby—sometimes alone. These occasions were brief, and nothing said on the one engrossing theme. There seemed a tacit understanding that the whole thing was in *statu quo*. I noticed, indeed, that she seemed unhappy; the rose left her cheek, and the fire faded from her eye. I thought Maltby was annoyed at seeing this, but so surely were his spells operating on me, that I attached little interest to either circumstance. My love for Chloe was actually yielding to his influences. Insinuations, too subtle to excite suspicion, had done the work which bolder hints could in no way have commenced. But for my previous knowledge, I should have been the precise victim he contemplated.

Among other appliances he used, was the temptation to indulge in drinking. This danger, I readily discovered. Knowing my own weakness, there, I declined, on various pretenses, tasting the fiery liquid. In tempting me, it became necessary for himself to indulge.—Almost daily was this repeated, in the strong hope of vanquishing, at last, my resolution, and inducing me to partake. At these times, he frequently drank deeply—so deeply, for a man of his prudence, that I knew the APPETITE was within. I gloried in the discovery! A thrill of joy ran through my frame as I saw his eye glow with the spirit of the wine-cup! I had discovered his weakness—a fatal one; and I felt that my own power was increased ten-fold. My exultation was unholy, and I have atoned it in dust and ashes.

The offspring of this discovery, was a scheme nearly as diabolical as his own. I resolved to gain a great triumph, and that by a bold stroke; I would present him to Chloe, drunk—dead drunk; and then, after denouncing her falsehood, and exposing the thorough baseness of the creature who had supplanted me in her affections, to leave her forever, and free.

My plan was this. At a party of pleasure,

which we were all members, prospectively, and which had been planned for the anniversary of that day which all men reverence as the Sabbath of American freedom—at that time, I would excite his passions by a wager, and induce him to drink to the excess I wished. There was to be with us a man famous for drinking his boon companions under the table; one with whom Maltby was but slightly acquainted. This man I selected as my tool; and having stated so much of my object as was needful, rested confident of his co-operation.

It had been arranged that our excursion should terminate at a place of public resort, where we should spend the afternoon, returning in the evening, to our homes. Here, after a grand collation, I made no doubt that the gentlemen of the party would tarry after the ladies left, and indulge in the pleasures of the bottle.

The execution of my plan was not difficult. All turned out as I wished; at the close of the entertainment, the ladies retired, and the remainder of the party called on wine, and abandoned themselves to pleasure.

It was not long before Harley, the professional drinker, began to indulge in boasts of his power. Maltby was fired; he scorned to be outdone, even in drunkenness. A wager followed, and the strife commenced in earnest.

Thus far, it would seem that my own share in the movement was slight, save in those directing influences which are often most powerful in proportion to their apparent insignificance. But this was not all I had done. Maltby might, even now, outwit his opponent, and rise from the table tolerably sober. To guard against any such contingency, I had bribed the landlord to serve each with different liquor; Maltby's strong and fiery, and Harley's comparatively spiritless. This he managed with an address quite his own, and the result was soon seen in the flushed cheek and raging eye of Maltby, who was fast verging towards a complete and unusual state of intoxication.

I pass as lightly as possible over this disgusting scene; let it suffice that my most exacting vengeance could ask no more. With a delight, which it sickens me now to recollect, I dragged him into the presence of Chloe, reeling and mousing, with all the revolting accompaniments of inebriety; exhibiting to all eyes, his utter degradation and brutality.—Her misery I will not paint. In his drunken ravings, Maltby uttered enough to have made me aware of what had passed between himself and Chloe, had I been ignorant of it, before; and acting on this hint, I poured out upon her all the pent-up emotion which had so long seemed boiling in my bosom. I exposed fully his baseness—his duplicity; reproached her with her own faithlessness, and bade her reflect on the step she had resolved to take. I promised to see her again in a few days, after Maltby should have recovered his reason, and release her from her vow.

Alas! a demon stronger than that of any mere human breast, was tightening upon me his toils. I went forth from the presence of the wretched Chloe, with a fever in my veins which drew me to the wine-cup. The draughts I had witnessed—the bright liquid dancing in the goblet, and the fumes I had inhaled—wrought upon my imagination and my nerves with resistless power. My stern purpose had

thus far armed my will with an energy which subdued all temptation; but the crisis over, the raging appetite reigned triumphant. I tossed off a glass of wine in incipient madness, intending to fly from the deadly charm; but it was in vain. Draught followed draught, till I succumbed tamely to its power. Of the time that passed I cannot positively speak; it might have been two or three days that I lay abandoned to my ignominious fate. And then came the old visions of the *delirium*, but with ten-fold horror. Maddened—reckless of all things—I flew to the house of Chloe. Reeling, foaming, writhing in my indescribable agony, I rushed into her presence. All this I was afterwards told, for memory retains but little save the awful scenes of imagination. Maltby was there, humiliated, but vindictive, pleading for pardon. In him I saw the monster serpent of my dream; with one blow I dashed him to the ground, and lew to the embrace of Chloe. Horrible mockery! broods of serpents started up all around; now coiling about me their deadly folds—now hissing with arrowy tongues before my eyes! I pointed them out to her, with cries of agony, and lo! a swarm seemed issuing from her own lips! I knew they were but deception, and clasped her to my bosom, unheeding her shrieks, while loathsome adders wound their folds about us, and every object seemed writhing in serpentine contortions, and darting at us a tongue of flame!

Skillful physicians were called to my aid, but months elapsed before I could walk abroad, unaided and confident of my own strength. My form was wasted to a mere skeleton, and my spirit seemed verily in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. As I gained strength and health, and my mind wandered over the scenes which I had passed through, a new light seemed to dawn on my soul. It was then that I discovered how black had been the passions of my breast, before it had thus been purged by the influences of Providence. Humbled, and resigned to whatever might seem the will of Heaven, I girded my loins anew, for the work to which I had been called.

Chloe, I learned to my astonishment, had not married the man for whom she had sacrificed so much. For shortly after my final misfortune, this man had been discovered to be a common swindler, living on the plunder of honest men. Chloe, overcome by the shock of my appearance, had narrowly escaped a severe illness; and as this was speedily succeeded by the detection and flight of Maltby, she was scarcely able to overcome her disappointment and chagrin, without the alternative of a diseased brain.

Soon after my own recovery, I received from her a line, breathing a spirit of contrition which powerfully excited my sympathy. She implored my forgiveness for her acknowledged guilt, and desired me to visit her.

To this, my answer was brief. Forgiveness for the past was readily extended; but our connection was ended forever. Nothing could justify a union of two persons thus related; and moreover, my experience had convinced me that she did not possess those qualities so necessary in the wife of one destined to the self-sacrificing ministry of God. And, more still, in view of my own infirmity, and the

shock I had received, I was resolved never to marry.

Just after my ordination to my work, I received a summons to perform the ceremony of marriage between Chloe Neville, and an elderly man whom I had never seen. His forbidding features, the stern calmness of the still beautiful bride, and the general gloom of all present, forbade the idea that mutual sympathy could have been any incentive to the union. I afterwards learned the tale.

Near Syracuse, on one of the principal thoroughfares, may at any time be seen a large house, whose cheerless aspect strikes a chill into the careless passer by. No tree is near it, to shield it from the Summer's sun, or Winter's storm; no vine ever clings to its lattices, or clammers over its door; no flowers ever bloom in its door-yard, or adorn its naked windows. Scarcely ever is any human being seen near it, though it is the constant abode of a childless pair, whose hours pass in a dreadful monotony, in keeping with its general air. That man, rich and selfish, held a claim against the property of a prominent citizen in the county; a claim which, if not paid, would absorb a large portion of the dowry destined for an only daughter. But this claim, the man offered to cancel, if the daughter would become his wife, in consideration of her marriage portion. The offer was accepted; and there, in that lonely dwelling, dwells, at the present time, she who was CHLOE NEVILLE.

Biography.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

We announce, with regret, the death of this eminent literary peeress. The following details of her Ladyship's biography were communicated by herself a year or two before her death, and are here given in the very words the Countess used: "Lady Blessington, the second daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Curraheen, and Clonea, in the county of Waterford, a Magistrate for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, who rendered great service to the Government during the Rebellion, descended, by the paternal as well as the maternal side, from two very ancient families; the Powers were of French origin, the name when they settled in Ireland, having been De la Peer; and the Sheehys are of the old Milesian stock, originally possessed of large estates, and very highly connected.

"By Ellen Sheehy, his wife, Edmund Power, Esq., of Curraheen, had seven children, three sons and four daughters: the former were Michael Power, a Captain in the army, who died in the West Indies in 1809; 2. Edmund, who died in childhood; and 3. Robert, late a Captain in the 30th Regiment. The daughters were 1. Anne, who did not survive infancy; 2. Marguerite, Countess of Blessington; 2. Ellen, married, first in 1810, to John Home Purvis, Esq., son of Sir Alexander Purvis, Bart.; and secondly, in 1828, to the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury; she and her husband both died in 1845; and 4th, Mary Anne, married in 1832 to the Count de St. Marsault."

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, born 1st September, 1789, married first, 8th March, 1794, Maurice Braggan Farmer, Esq., of Poplar Hall, and Laurel Grove, co. Kildare, then a Captain in the 14th Regiment; and, secondly, 16th February, 1816, Charles John Earl of Blessington, who died in Paris 25th May, 1829. The following is the list of her Ladyship's principal works, but she wrote besides several illustrated books of poetry, which are not included; — "The Magic Lantern," "Sketches and Fragments," "Tour in the Netherlands," "Conversation with Lord Byron," "The Repealers," "The Two Friends," "The Victims of Society," "The Idler in France," "The Idler in Italy," "The Governess," "Confession of an Elderly Lady," "Confession of an Elderly Gentleman," "Desultory Thoughts," "The Belle of a Season," "Lottery of Life," "Meredith," "Strathern," "Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre."

Lady Blessington's husband, Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy, and first Earl of Blessington, in the Peerage of Ireland, was born on the 19th July, 1782, and died the 25th of May, 1829, without male issue, when his honors became extinct. His union with the late Lady Blessington was his second marriage.

His first wife was Mary Campbell, widow of Major Wm. Browne, by whom his Lordship left issue a daughter, the Lady Harriet Ann Frances, who was married on the 4th Dec., 1827, to Count Alfred D'Orsay, of fashionable and artistic celebrity.

The Countess of Blessington has been for years so prominent in the circles of fashion and literature, that her biography is familiar to all. She has had great and continued popularity as a poet, a novelist, and an essayist. Her life has passed in the society of the most eminent in intellect and rank; her beauty, her taste, and her fascinating manners have been the theme of a hundred writers, and the talk of Europe. After a sojourn of many years in London, the Countess lately retired to the Continent. The sale of the furniture and property in her splendid residence in Kensington-Gore is but just concluded, and is, of course, in the knowledge of every one.—Her ladyship had fixed her new abode in Paris, and had taken a house there in the Rue du Cercle. Her rank, the literary fame, and her friendship with the President of the Republic gave the promise of much flattering distinction and social pleasure in the Parisian world of fashion, when the hand of death fell with awful suddenness upon her. She was seized with apoplexy on the morning of the 4th instant, and expired in the afternoon of the same day, in the arms of Mr. Simon, her homeopathic medical attendant.—*Illus. London News.*

Essay.

Original. THE INFLUENCE OF READING.

A library is an exponent of its possessor's thoughts. Man is too selfish to care for opinions which are not his own. His armory of knowledge is one upon which he bestows peculiar care, and which he fortifies for the defense of his own possessions. Few men pos-

sess the patience, and still less the energy to investigate those principles in which their ruling passions find no interest. Their luxury is indulgence, and on this they feed with a greediness that is never satiated. Their mental appetite hungers for congenial aliment, and books furnish the most extensive variety from which they may select their own preference. These we generally find of the same prevailing cast as the mind of their possessor. The barrister digests huge volumes of decisions and reports, the clergyman compares the commentaries of the most approved divines, the antiquarian ponder over the fabulous annals of remote ages, the mathematician puzzles his mind over the grotesque curiosities of pyramids and tangents, while the "inspired heart," with devout solicitude, collects the scattered fragments of the "Sacred Vine." Books not only give stability and force to character, but they constitute the very basis upon which it rests. They not only furnish the material for meditation, but they direct the current of thought into their own channel. Why was not Newton a botanist, or Linnaeus an astronomer? Why was not Euclid an orator, or Demosthenes a mathematician? Why was not Watts an infidel, or Voltaire a divine? The only reason is, they were conversant with different books. The library of each, like a skilfully wrought intaglio, imprinted its own similitude, in bold relief, on the mind of its possessor.

If such is the potency pertaining to the influence of books, to have stamped the characters of the greatest geniuses the world has ever witnessed, how unlimited must be their sway over the minds of ordinary men! Go whithersoever we will in the civilized world, and we witness their agency. The influence thus inwrought into the minds of individuals is visited in its effects upon communities.—Wherever religious books have been freely circulated, we find a moral and religious people. Wherever temperance tracts have been widely disseminated, we meet with a temperance community. And wherever infidel writings have been profusely scattered, we encounter an infidel and irreligious society.

If to this influence we trace the happy instruction of a Watts, when he rendered the shores of his native England vocal with the praises of his God,—if to this we trace the development of intellect, when Newton arose scrutator of Nature's works and the adorer of Nature's God,—if to this we trace the triumph of victorious justice, when Washington was called from the wild enchantment of a forest life, to rescue a continent from the manacles of despotism and the rack of thralldom; O, what high and mighty destinies are issuing from this sublimest fountain, and what in terminable pleasures are referable to this delightful source! When we survey the illimitable field of physical investigation, when we behold the triumph of mind over the hidden mysteries of Nature, when we contemplate the giant strides of intellect from age to age, and trace its slow but steady progress from the untaught simplicity of our progenitors in the Garden of Eden, till the fortuitous lightning of Heaven has been rendered subservient to its purposes, we are struck with amazement at the majesty of the triumph, and view with mingled feelings of wonder and surprise. And when we reflect, that for these high em-

oluments we are indebted to the faithful perusal of judicious books; when we reflect, that upon this influence have been based the noblest achievement of human intellect; that by this, man has been picked as it were from the very dust and raised to the station of a demi-God; that by this he has been endowed with more than Herculean powers of intellect; that by this alone, his soul has been rendered a recipient worthy of that glorious immortality which it will so richly inherit;—who can but acknowledge the lofty motives which now press upon us, still to persist in those gigantic efforts, till the Gorgon head of Ignorance be severed from the world, till the Cimmerian darkness in which the soul is wrapt, shall be effectually dispelled, and through the departing gloom, the aegis of Intelligence shall burst upon the gaze of man, midway between the smiles of seraphim and the admiration of mankind.

Then with triumphant pride, may we boast of the superiority of man;—then, in transport of admiration, may we survey the bright career of intellect as it has struggled on from toil to toil, conquering and to conquer;—and then, in raptures of delight, may we chant peans of unending praise to that transcendent influence, which has

"Snatched man from all the ills of life,
And led him on, through labyrinthic way,
To view the brightening realms of universal day."
Pompey, June 20th, 1849. C. S.

Religious.

The Silent Influence of Christians.

The Bible calls a good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its property, in the fact that unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft, and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures, stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's center. The heart of the

sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns.—The very globe itself, too, and all the fellow plants that have lost their sun, are becoming mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influence of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary and active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbance and tumults.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Power of a Good Man's Life.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and well ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen, but silent beauty of holiness, speaks more eloquence of God and duty, than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth has done more and will do more, to regenerate the world and bring an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidence of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

Light in Dark Places.

A motion was lately made in the British House of Commons to establish Church rates; then a motion to exempt dissenters from these rates. The motion was lost by a small majority. On the next day, a bill allowing clergymen of the Established Church to turn dissenters without incurring the penalties prescribed by law, was read a second time.—These are the beginnings of the end of that illegitimate union, *Church and State*. Some will tell us that religious persecution is unknown in England. Yet a clergyman of the State Church cannot resign without penalties! And people of all other churches, or no church, must be taxed for the State Church!

The statute book of England contains a multitude of religious laws, still extant, of most persecuting character. And while liberality is striving to gain ground by inches against this rapacious and intolerant State Church, Catholic Austria has made religion free by constitution, and Rome has abolished political religion, and established universal toleration. English opinion is behind the age, but is slowly advancing.

Dr. Channing.

The late Dr. Channing was an eminent Unitarian minister. No man ever deemed him orthodox in his theological views, nor does his fame rest in any degree upon doctrinal speculations. He was a philanthropist.—He had a great heart, filled to overflowing with kindness towards all men. He plead with masterly eloquence for civil and religious freedom; for the slave, for education, for temperance, for the Bible. He had a large salary, but instead of amassing wealth, he denied himself the necessities of life that he might bestow his money upon the poor.—For these things he is celebrated, and will be so long as charity and religion have any influence among men. We might as well throw dirt at the sun, as attempt to obscure the fame of a man who spent his life in doing good.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

The Moorish Sabbath.

The American Consul writing from Tangiers, in Morocoo, observes:

"There are three Sabbaths in each week.—The Moors, or Mohammedans, keep Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. But the Sundays of the Moors and Jews are mere feast days, given up to feasting and frolicking, and frequently to all manner of licentiousness; and yet so strict are the Jews in non-essentials—in mere forms and ceremonies—that they dare not touch a particle of fire on their Sabbath—not even a lighted candle—lest they should commit the unpardonable sin."

Great Men.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligence, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.—*Longfellow.*

Sunday Traveling.

A bill was lately introduced in the British Parliament for compelling the Railroad Companies to run cars on the Sabbath, which, after occasioning much discussion and uprising of the public mind, was denied a second reading.

Independence.

The Paris Journal states that numbers in Sweden, after demonstrating for years against the introduction of changes in the formulas of the legally established church, have renounced this church and organized one independent of the State.

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the important letters of Tom Paine, that "if men were so wicked with religion, what would they be without it."

Good Counsel.

The following is the conclusion of a Discourse before the young Catholic Friend's Society, at Baltimore, by W. H. Seward, of New York.

"Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause! gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom; and teach them there that, although religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit," which God will not despise; yet that their country has appointed only one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to HUMANITY."

Scientific.

Original.

COMETARY SYSTEM.

No. III.

There are other Comets of short period whose histories, though full of interest to the Astronomer, would lose their charm for the general reader. I propose, therefore, in this No. to offer some general reflections upon the probable cause of the various forms of these singular bodies; although I am aware, that it can only end where all similar inquiries have done, in speculation.

Still, the atmosphere is pure, and the imagination may roam at pleasure through these bright fields of conjecture, without fear of returning to earth impregnated with the germs of its own destruction.

While we travel the sure road of direct reasoning and vigorous demonstration, or follow where strong analogy leads, we feel comparatively safe in our conclusions; but when even the thread of analogy is broken, we are much like the helmsless vessel—at the mercy of winds and waves.

This is, to a good degree, the condition of the question before us. We are certain that the Sun is the grand focus of attraction, around which these wandering vapors revolve, and that their motions are subject to the same laws of gravity which sustain the planets in their Orbits. We are also led to suppose, that all the particles of matter of which they are composed are attracted around a common center of gravity; that, independent of any external force, whether this force resides in the Sun or is found in the resistance which the Comet must experience in passing with great rapidity through a resisting medium, they must assume the form of a sphere. And this too, must be the form, even admitting that the force exercised by the particles upon each other is that of repulsion. For in this case the whole force must be a constant quantity, and the particles ultimately find an equilibrium, or at most, a motion within a finite sphere, unless we suppose the altogether improbable result that particles are constantly escaping, and that finally the entire mass will be scattered through space. The actual forms, then, which comets from observation are known to have, must be the result, it would seem of some external force, and the different forms of the result of different relations to this force.

Now the only external forces we should

naturally expect to find setting aside the perturbative forces due to the Planets, are, either a force exercised by the sun, or a force due to a resisting medium, or both. We are not to confound the sun's force here referred to, with that of gravitation. It is not probable, and indeed it is quite evident, that the sun's attraction can have but little influence upon the comet's form, since the inequality of attraction upon the nearest and most distant particles cannot be very considerable. And even admitting a great influence, it must be more than counteracted by some other force; since the tail is usually found to have an entirely different direction from that which it would have, if it were the result, simply of the sun's attraction. In the first place, it will be necessary to determine the directions of these forces, and then, whether their resultant would in any, or in a majority of cases, give the direction of the tail; or, in fact, whether one of them, as the resisting medium, may not be sufficient of itself, to explain the phenomenon; the sun's force will evidently be exerted in the plane of the comet's orbit, and normal to its own surface; at least, this is the only part of the force which can have any influence upon the comet. With regard to a resisting medium, I am aware that there can be more than one plausible hypothesis. It may be what is commonly known by the name of *Ether*, an exceedingly attenuated "form of matter pervading all space, or it may be a solar atmosphere, analogous in its general properties to that of the earth.

In the first case, since we may suppose the etherial medium equally dense in all its parts, and in equilibrium, except such motions as must necessarily be communicated by bodies moving in it, which must be insensible as far as they effect general results, the resistance is a function of the density and the velocity of the moving body.

But, in the case of a solar atmosphere, composed of concentric shells, each becoming more dense as we approach the sun, and revolving in the same time and on the same axis with it, the foregoing resistance will be modified by the different directions in which the comet may move, and also its distance from the sun. Now, if we suppose that the physical constitutions of all comets are the same, and that the sun's atmosphere is not disturbed by any forces but gravity, and a centrifugal force due to the sun's revolution, we shall be able to arrive at something like a general law, which will apply to the forms of all comets, while in the vicinity of the sun.

It has already been remarked that all comets do not present the same form, or are not followed by long, luminous trains of light, usually denominated the tail. This may be owing to a difference of physical constitution in the bodies themselves; and it may be owing wholly to different external circumstances.

And, in fact, we ought naturally to conclude, that some are more dense than others, especially if we include them in the theory of a nebulous origin.

In such a supposition, comets should present different forms, although subject to the same external conditions.

In addition, we must not overlook the extreme probability of strong currents traversing the solar atmosphere in all directions.

Hereafter, we shall endeavor to give more symmetry to these speculations, and inquire how far they conform with our actual experience.

There are many striking and interesting features to which we have not yet alluded; such as the tails dividing into several branches, even as many as six; the large spaces by which the tail is sometimes, to all appearances, separated from the body of the comet &c.; all of which must be reserved.

Boston, June 19, 1849.

Personal Sketches.

FRANKLIN AND GOV. BURNET.

BEN had just returned from assisting poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New-York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand. Ben opened it, not without considerable agitation, and read as follows:—"G. Burnet's compliments await young Mr. Franklin, and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him over a glass of wine."

"G. Burnet," said Ben, "who can that be?"

"Why, 'tis the governor," replied the captain with a smile—"I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed a curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without grief, as he cast a look at the door of poor Collins' bed-room, to think what an honor that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three gulps of filthy grog.

The governor's looks at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat of disappointment.—He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a last hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing him to a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him—

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, that you have a fine collection too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," said Ben.

"A trunk full!" replied the governor,—"why, what use can you have for so many books! Young people at your age have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah."

"I can boast," replied Ben, "of having read a great deal beyond that myself; but still I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full to read every six months."

At this the governor regarding him with a look of surprise, said:

"You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages."

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no language but my own."

"What, not Latin or Greek?"

"No, sir, not a word of either."

"I don't set myself up as a judge—but I should not suppose them necessary."

"Aye! well, I should like to hear your reasons."

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on language sir, merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire; were it not wiser for me to improve my time in sense, through that one language, than waste it in getting more sounds through fifty different languages, even if I could learn so many."

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having a few moments before put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea, he took another start.

"Well, but my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favor of the languages."

"I would not wish wantonly, to differ from the learned world," said Ben, "especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when that is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought my duty; and especially since I studied Locke."

"Locke!" cried the governor with surprise, "you studied Locke?"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding, three years ago, when I was thirteen!"

"You amaze me sir. You study Locke on the Understanding, at thirteen."

"Yes sir, I did."

"Well, and pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college in old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen."

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college or even a grammar school, except nine months when I was a child."

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out:—

"Never at a college! well, and where—where did you get your education, pray?"

"At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop!"

"In a tallow-chandler's shop!" screamed the Governor.

"Yes sir, my father was a poor old tallow-chandler with sixteen children, and I was the youngest of all; at eight years of age he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me home in the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve, my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked there all day at ease and press, and again read by myself at night."

Here the governor clapped his hands together, and put up a loud whistle, while his eyes, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out.

"Impossible, young man!" he exclaimed, "you are only sounding my incredulity. I can never believe the one half of this." Then turning to the captain, he said;—"Captain you are an intelligent man, and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at anything but to quiz me?"

"No, indeed, please your excellency," replied the captain, "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family."

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately;—"Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word; and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages."

"Why, sir, I object to it principally, on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch indeed, only puts it at thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this, full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now, of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially when all the best books in those languages, are translated into ours, besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very preposterous!"

"Well; what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek into our poor homespun English, would you?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine-apple from Jamaica to Boston."

"Well, sir, a skillful gardener, with his hot house, would give us nearly as fine a pine-apple as any in Jamaica. And so, Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years study of the Greek. And besides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language."

"You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics tell us his beauties are inimitable."

"Yes sir, and the naturalist tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable, too."

"The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I really don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so is Homer, for the bright coloring he throws over bad characters and passions. Now as I don't think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousand part so important to human happiness, I must confess, I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth.—The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, you would hardly think of

sending your son to Achilles to learn these."

"I agree, he has too much revenge in his composition."

"Yes sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer's glowing fancy lends, what youth but must run the most imminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws upon his pictures."

"Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject is, I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin; but surely 'tis overstrained."

"Not at all, sir, we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the great, to become an HERO; and after him of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two butchers is not known; but still, probably not a tithe of what have perished in duels, between individuals from pride and revenge nursed from reading Homer."

"Well sir," replied the governor, "I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charge against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the great philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don't boast myself as a Christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and divines too,) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out *divine beauties* and *sublimities* which the poet gives to his hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans; and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot livered young men thus educated, should despise meekness and forgiveness as a coward's virtues, and nothing so glorious as fighting duels and *blowing*."

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamester at his last trump. But perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a *fine* opportunity to turn the conversation. So stepping up he placed his hand on his shoulder, and in a very familiar manner, said:

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you will not quarrel with; an author that I think you will pronounce *faultless*."

"Why, sir," replied Ben, "I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, I think he is not without his faults."

"It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well, sir," said Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Pope's;

'Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.'

"I see no fault there."

"No—indeed!" replied Ben, "why now, to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for anything he does wrong than his *want of sense*."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a

line in this great poet, I would do it in this way;

'Immodest words admit of *this* defense,
That want of decency is want of *sense*.'

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain;

"How greatly I am obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming youth! O, what a delightful thing it would be for us to converse with such a sprightly youth, as him. But the worst of it is, that most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children.—Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them like jay birds in fine feathers. Hence, their conversation is no better than froth or nonsense."

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressed a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time, that he would forever consider him as one of his fastest friends, and also never come to New-York without coming to see him.

Miscellany.

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE, &c.

BYRON.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wandered from far Gallilee;
It was but abjuring my creed, to efface
The curse, which, thou sayest, is the crime of my
race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave, only, sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith! but in mine, I will die!

I have lost for that faith, more than thou canst bestow,
As the God, who permits thee to prosper, doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope; and in thine,
The land and the life which for him I resign.

SLOW AND SURE.

In forty years of steady work, so Eastern travelers say,
The Chinese make a porcelain cup of Oriental clay—

In Bagdad they form easily a hundred in a day;
But princes seek and prize the one—the other's thrown away.

The chicken walks from out its shell, and goes its food to find,
While helpless lies for months and years the child of human kind;
Which yet, by gradual growth, o'ertops all else in strength and mind,
O slow of thought! remember this—be thankful and resigned!

In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball room; and the English a tavern.—*Chateaubriand.*

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

W. L. PALMER is our authorized Agent

State Temperance Convention.

This Convention met at Syracuse on the 27th ultimo, and continued in session two days. The attendance was not great, nor were the proceedings remarkably harmonious. Some of the conservatives, some who were bound by other and interfering associations, and those who feared or disliked the opposition, and, perhaps, the personal or political sacrifices, arising from political action, were, of course, arrayed in antagonism to the uncalculating, out-and-out, progressive, and, perhaps, injudicious course of Gerrit Smith and his associates.

There has long been an honest difference of opinion among the friends of Temperance upon the question of legislative prohibition. The Conservatives take one side,—the Progressives, the other. The Conservatives, that is the political ones, argue that lectures and publications, and moral suasion, form the only legitimate means in preventing the curse of intemperance. The advocates of political action and legislative prohibition, contend that intemperance is now an universally acknowledged evil, for whose perpetuity none but besotted inebriates and money-loving manufacturers and sellers, are interested; and, therefore, the vast amount of misery and crime inflicted on the community by the use of intoxicating beverages, should be prohibited by law, no less than gambling establishments and brothels.

The latter appears to us the legitimate view of the subject; though any person has an equal right to a different opinion, and his views may be correct. Certain it is, that the result of our political action in this State and elsewhere, seems to favor the views of our moral suasion friends. But we think that the influences of custom and education had more control in this matter than the sober action of practical morality. It is but a few years since Washington complained because liquor was not always furnished to his brave and patriotic followers. It is still less time since clergymen and laymen were dealers and drinkers, and even tiplers, without public disgrace. This force of habit and education is almost omnipotent, and nothing but startling arrays of facts, and figures, and misery, and crime, has aroused the moral sentiment and the calculating self-interest of the public, from an almost fatal enchantment. Even now, the influence of dealers and drinkers may be too strong to make the battle upon this basis a judicious or profitable one. But assuredly the time will come, when moral suasion will become the only antidote for gaming and many other evils, or intoxicating drinks will be placed under the ban of law.

This principle was embodied in the following preamble and resolution of the Convention:

"Whereas, civil government is given by God for the purpose of imparting to its subjects every protection which, from its nature and design, it is capable of imparting: and whereas, for civil government to leave the traffic in intoxicating drinks unprohibited, is to make itself responsible for leaving itself unprotected from one of the very greatest of earthly evils;

Resolved, Therefore, that no person is to have part, however humble, in administering civil government, who, whether the people do, or do not choose him—who, whether the people vote 'license' or 'no license'—sale or no sale—does not feel himself ready and bound to apply his powers to the utter extirpation of the traffic in intoxicating drinks; and

Resolved, further, that we do solemnly promise to each other, to the world, and to the great and good Author of civil government, that come what will to our reputation and interest, or to the political parties with which we are connected, we will never again vote to give civil office to any person who is so ignorant or so contemptuous of the duties of government as not to favor the application of its powers to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks."

A resolution, recommending the establishment of a small semi-monthly paper to advocate these principles, was adopted, and another welcoming the illustrious Father Mathew.

Some friends of temperance have advocated the disposal of their cause to the special care and the separate organization of Church members and the clergy. This monopolizing and ridiculous idea is so well "taken off" by an incident in the Convention, that we give it in the language of the *Daily Star*.

"Rev. Mr. Clark, of Utica offered the following: *Resolved*, That the Clergy of this State be requested to give increased attention to the great cause of Temperance, the coming year: and that they be requested to preach once in its favor.

An amendment was proposed by Dr. Potter, of Cortland, to extend the request to lawyers, doctors, editors, and the whole human race.

The resolution was withdrawn by the mover."

The following are the Officers for the ensuing year:

President—JOSEPH S. SMITH, of Ulster.

Vice Presidents—Israel Huntington, J. W. Adams, Syracuse; Charles D. Shepard, Wyoming; Otis Allen, Albany; J. D. Husbands, Rochester.

Executive Committee—J. W. North, Chas. A. Wheaton, S. R. Ward, Josiah Wright, Hiram Putnam, Syracuse; J. R. Hotchkiss, Auburn; T. L. Carson, Jordan.

Treasurer—Thos. Rose, Syracuse.

Reformed Dutch Church.

On the 26th ultimo, the Corner Stone of the first Protestant Reformed Dutch Church, was laid at James Street, in the City of Syracuse. The service was commenced by a prayer by the Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cornell, and the ordinary church exercises, when the Rev. Dr. Wykoff, of Albany, gave an able and eloquent Address.

Afterwards he laid the Corner Stone with three strokes of the mallet, such being the usage of that denomination.

The Stone was a square block of granite, in which were deposited a copy of the Church Psalms, Hymns, Canons, and Liturgy, a History of the organization and progress of the R. D. Church in Syracuse, copies of some Syracuse, Albany, and New York papers, and many other articles of similar character.

The services were closed by singing and benediction, and the entire ceremony was of an impressive and interesting character. Thus a new Church has been founded in our midst, either to promote the mission of the Bible, and our Savior, and true

religion, or to become a gilded, formal, hypocritical engine of bigotry and intolerance, crushing the humanity and the souls of men.

One circumstance connected with the founding of this Church, deserves general notice and reprobation. A Committee requested one of our Clergymen of another denomination, to make the introductory prayer; but the request was denied, and the clergyman stated that he disapproved of the establishment of the Church, and would not pray for its prosperity. The same individual has, heretofore, at least in private conversation, expressed a strong enmity, and has promised its perpetuity, to the establishment of this Church, assigning, as the reason, and the only one which has come to our knowledge, the barefaced and selfish consideration that it has taken, and will take members and means from the large, influential, and millionaire congregation over which he presides. But alas! the Church goes on prosperously notwithstanding his opposition, thereby adding one more evidence to its fellows, that such unchristian selfishness—such high-handed and bigoted intolerance cannot keep within its leading strings, and in fear of its really terrible frown—a frown which has attempted to ruin the temporal prospects of many a citizen—the whole population of Syracuse. Probably in no part of the world do Christianity, and Christian organizations, and the Clergy, receive a more sincere support than in the northern and eastern states of our Republic. This is noble and commendable to our hearts, this free and Christian land. But there is too much of native, republican independence, too much of the spirit of Luther, and Wickliffe, and Wesley, in our midst, to submit in silence to oppression and wrong.

And when such exhibitions of unkindness and illiberality as the above occur, all unprejudiced Christians and the divine character of Christian charity itself, may well exclaim in the language of Zechariah, "*I was wounded in the house of my friends.*"

In contrast with such conduct, how noble appears the sentiment of the following passages which we quote from Dr. Wykoff's address:

"If I am not mistaken, the planting of an evangelical church of a new name, in a place where already several churches exist, amidst friendly salutations and sweet brotherly voices, saying—"we greet you—God speed you"—is an event of much higher mark than the former. For what does it speak of?

It speaks of a country where liberty of conscience has her home, and is cordially conceded by the people. Here is no tyrannical hierarchy thundering, "You shall worship on our platform; or you shall not worship at all." There is no obsequious government, propitiating a powerful sect, by oppressing the others. Here, on every sacred house is inscribed the noble protestant motto—"The Bible our rule—God our judge." Here every enactment of our legislatures contains the sentiment of the wise deputy of Achaea—"We will be no judges of such matters—see ye to it."

* * * * *

In fine, this position of a nascent church, speaks to us of a better era—when there shall be one flock, as there is but one shepherd, and of a better country, when the spirit of union and of love shall be so dominant as to supersede all names of distinction, as well as the utility of separate action—that blessed country, where no one shall any more say, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas—but all shall exclaim together, we are Christ's; we are Christ's alone; we are all Christ's."

Literary.**NOTICES.**

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY: *The Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the original, collated from the best editions, and explanatory notes.* By John A. Carlyle, M. D. New-York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.

"The object of the following Prose Translation," says the author in his Preface, "is to give the real meaning of Dante as literally and briefly as possible. No single particle has been wittingly left unrepresented in it, for which any equivalent could be discovered; and the few words that have been added are marked in Italics. English readers, it is hoped, will here find a closer, and therefore, with all its defects, a warmer version than any that has hitherto been published for them."

This passage gives a good idea of the scope of the book.

The literal rendering of Dante by such a man as Dr. Carlyle, could not, in any case, fail to be an event of interest to the literary world. But as highly as our anticipations had been raised, we confess that the execution of the work has far exceeded them.

We know but one book with which to compare it; and this comparison is largely in favor of the present work. We refer to Hayward's admirable translation of "Faust," which has elicited the highest admiration among scholars. But we consider the "Inferno" as possessing all the merits of that translation—namely, fidelity, and copious notes of explanation—besides several others which that lacks. Here we have, in addition, the *entire original text*; a feature of no slight importance to the student in Italian.

It would be a work of supererogation for us to attempt any labored analysis of this book; it will be sufficient for our readers to know its general character. There can be no question of the fitness of the translator for the work, and we would not only recommend, but urge, all who are capable of appreciating (to use his own words) "the sincerest and strongest, and warmest utterance that has ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew Prophets," to purchase and *study* Carlyle's translation.

The author is a brother of Thomas Carlyle.

We will only add that the typographical execution is in the finest style of the Harpers, and that it can be found in this city at WYNKOOP'S.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brother. 1849.

The first volume of this new candidate for public favor, has been laid upon our table, and we have given it a hasty perusal.

Perhaps its distinctive character can be gathered from the following extract from its preface: "It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unabashed with patriotic *rouge*, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apologies, without stilted, buskins, tinsel, or bedizzenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere. The result of their labors is enou-

gy enough; their best apology is to tell their story exactly as it was."

In the volume before us, we think the author has most effectually followed the plan marked out, and we have a history, sufficiently in detail to be interesting, and yet so generalized and systematized, as to present the subject in a clear and intelligent manner. The long and tedious dissertations, upon matters and things in general, with which authors are apt to regale their readers, for the purpose of displaying their capacity for fine writing, and minute abstractions, are nowhere to be found. The whole subject seems to have been carefully studied, the authorities compared, criticised, and harmonized, and nothing left out which could add interest or value. We are especially pleased that the author has avoided the labored eulogies, and fulsome flatteries, bestowed upon the first settlers of our country, in Fourth-of-July orations, "whether professedly such or in the guise of history." In no part of our Literature has our national vanity been more prominent, than in the department of History. We are undoubtedly the greatest, wisest, most magnificent, magnanimous, and learned nation upon earth! but what is the use of saying so? it will neither cover us with glory or fill our pockets.

If the author preserves his dignity and impartiality, when he reaches the times of party, and the subject, from its nearness, does not forbid generalization and the development of principles, we shall consider the work as an invaluable acquisition to our historic Literature. One feature we cannot speak of in terms of too high praise, and that is the chronology. Too often, dates are entirely left out, or so confused as to give no time or distinct idea of the relation of events to each other in regard to time. This is a prevailing fault of many of our best historians, but in the work before us, the author cannot be liable to a charge of fault in this respect. Dates are given upon the margin of every page, and the time, not only of every prominent event, but of every detail, is given, and the whole so grouped, and presented in a continuous line, as to give distinct and definite ideas in regard to contemporaneous and successive events.

The typographical execution of the work deserves particular notice. The paper is fine, heavy, and white, the margins wide, and the type such as might be designed for your grandfather to read, without spectacles, by moon light; in short it is just such as we might expect from the Harpers when they try.

For sale by Stoddard and Babcock.

We are indebted to Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, for a copy of his report on the subject of leaden service-pipes, which we shall endeavor to notice next week.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 268.

Contains interesting articles from Sharpe's Magazine, Evening Post, Quarterly Review, Blackwood's Magazine, and the English weeklies.

For sale at Palmer's.

INTELLIGENCE.

Sheridan Knowles, the veteran dramatist, has issued a remarkable controversial work entitled "The Rock of Rome; or, the Arch Heresy." Of it, Douglass Jerrold says: "What he undertook to do he has done well. Though his whole reasoning has been anticipated, yet it has seldom been so eloquently and effectively placed before the reader. His book is calculated to have great influence on

the popular understanding, and will no doubt be generally acceptable.

"RETZSCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE."—Messrs. G. W. Westermann & Brothers, 651, Broadway, have commenced the publication, in serial form, of the famous Illustrations of Shakespeare, by the distinguished German artist, Moritz Retzsch. Two parts are to be issued monthly, at 50 cents each. The first one, which is now before us, contains part of the illustrations of Hamlet. The high reputation of the artist and of these designs in Europe, as well as the beautiful manner in which they are issued by the Messrs. Westermann, must secure for them a large circle of purchasers and admirers in this country.

FRONTENAC; a Poem, by Alfred B. Street, lately issued by Bentley, London, is about being republished by Baker & Scribner, N. Y.

The great success of the *Prophet*, has induced the directors of the Opera, at Berlin, to bring out this work at their Opera House. The distinguished author, M. Meyerbeer, has been requested to superintend the arrangements for its representation.

The arrangements for the publication of Lamartine's select works, edited by himself, are nearly completed. The first volume will appear in September.

Carlotta Grisi, the *dansuise*, was suffering from Cholera, in Paris, at the last accounts.

M. Julien was giving a series of six monster concerts, in London, combining all the available musical talent in London.

Henry Russell is giving vocal entertainments in the suburbs of London.

Young Hernandez is engaged at Vauxhall Gardens.

Meyerbeer's opera of the *Prophet*, is in rehearsal at the Covent Garden Italian Opera, London.

Blangy's engagement closed at the Howard, Boston, last evening. The new ballet of "La Vivandiere," was very successful.

The Viennoise children are still at Kimball's Museum, Boston.

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

Equitable Commerce.

The following is an extract from a pamphlet published by Josiah Warren, Utopia, Ohio:—

"If a traveler in a hot day, stops at a farm-house and asks for a drink of water, he generally gets it without any thought of price. Why? Because it costs nothing, or its cost is immaterial. If the traveler was so thirsty that he would give a dollar for the water rather than not have it, this would be the value of the water to him; and if the farmer were to charge this price, he would be acting upon the principle that "The price of a thing should be what it will bring," which is the motto and spirit of all the principal commerce of the world; and if we were to stop up all the neighboring springs, and cut off all supplies of water from other sources, and compel travelers to depend solely on him for water, and then should charge him \$100 for a drink, he would be acting precisely upon the principle on which all the main business of the world has been conducted from time immemorial. It is pricing a thing according to 'what it will bring,' or according to its value to the receiver instead of its cost to the producer. For an illustration, in the mercantile line, consult any report of 'prices current,' or 'state of the markets,' with comments by the pub-

lisher—the following is a sample, copied from a paper nearest at hand :

'No new arrivals of flour—demand increasing, price rose since yesterday at 12 o'clock, 25 cents per barrel.

No change in coffee since our last.

Sugar raised on Thursday 1-2 a cent per pound, in consequence of a report received of small crops; later arrivals contradicted the report and prices fell again. *Molasses*, in demand, and holders not anxious to sell. *Pork*, little in market, and prices rising. *Bacon*, plenty and dull, fell since our last, from 15 to 13 cents. Cotton, all in a few hands, bought up on speculation.'

It will here be seen that prices are raised in consequence of *increased want*, and are lowered with its decrease. The most successful speculator is he who can create the most want in the community, and extort the most from it. This is civilized cannibalism.

The value of a loaf of bread to a starving man, is equivalent to the value of his life, and if the 'price of a thing' should be 'what it will bring,' then one might properly demand of the starving man, his whole future life in servitude as the price of the loaf! But any one who should make such a demand would be looked upon as insane, a cannibal, and one simultaneous voice would denounce the outrageous injustice, and cry aloud for retribution! Why? What is it that constitutes the cannibalism in this case? Is it not setting a price upon bread according to its value instead of its cost?"

Elwood Fisher's Argument.

The Cincinnati Atlas thus speaks of this reasoning:

"In fact, this whole idea of proving one half the community to be richer when they own the other half, than a community where the people own themselves, is the most superb piece of absurdity—the most naked piece of nonsense we ever happened to meet with. Progress in Society, and at last Perfection, according to Fisher, may be represented in a tabular view, thus :

Condition.	Freemen.	Slaves.
Bad State of Society,	10,000	0,000
Improved Society,	5,000	5,000
Good Society,	2,000	8,000
A Perfect Society,	1	9,999

This may be regarded as the graduated scale of Progress in Human Communities, according to the profound philosophy of the Calhoun School. *Bad Society*, according to their scale, as represented in the above table, may be considered, for example, as existing in Ohio; *Improved Society* in Virginia; *Good Society* in South Carolina; but perfection, we have, of course, not arrived at!"

A Word to all Christians in Kentucky.

"A time has come in Kentucky when the Christian population of that noble and rapidly advancing State will speak and vote like Christians at the polls, and demonstrate its love of liberty and right, by extending them to every thing in the form of man, that breathes its air or treads its soil. It will be her greatest interest, to be first in this great work."

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

Slave Trade.

We have been credibly informed, that there is a constant trade in the kidnapping of negroes, going on between Africa and Texas. Year before last there were several vessels, well loaded with negroes, brought from Africa, and landed near the mouth of the San Barnard, and the negroes there sold.—*N. O. Delta*.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

Economical Club-Houses.

The establishment of club-houses on a new plan, has been attempted down town—club-houses for clerks and young men engaged in business, where they can get their meals at an economical rate, have access to a good library and the leading publications of the day, and be free from the noise, publicity, and other inconveniences of a common chophouse or oyster saloon. I looked through one of these new establishments the other day, and found it a large, airy, comfortable house, handsomely, but plainly furnished, with an excellent culinary department, and no bar. In connection with this subject, I may allude to the arrangements by which one or two of our largest retail dealers in dry goods have endeavored to afford their employees the comforts and securities of a well-regulated home. A large house is taken, furnished and fitted up appropriately as a boarding-house or hotel, with library, baths, and every comfort and convenience, in which the young men can obtain apartments and board at as low a rate as in an inferior lodging-house.—*N. Y. Cor. Wash. Republic*.

The Literary Union,

Is the name of a weekly newspaper recently commenced in Syracuse, N. Y., edited by J. W. Winchell and James Johnnot; published by W. W. Newman; price, \$2.00 a-year. The contents of this new literary candidate are well adapted to the family circle. Those who read it will be enlightened and most agreeably entertained. We like the spirit of the paper, much. It is folded in a convenient quarto form, designed for binding.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

The Literary Union.

This excellent and well conducted paper has reached the end of the first quarter, notwithstanding the obstacles that have presented themselves in the pathway of the Publishers. Unlike many other papers of a similar character, which on their advent into existence make large promises and fail to meet the public expectation, the "Union" has been constantly improving, not only in typographical execution, but in the character of its editorials. This paper is a credit to the city and to Central New York; and we hope that it may receive such a support as will render it a permanent accession to the literary and reformatory journals of the country, among which it has already attained an elevated position. It is published weekly. Terms, \$2.00 per annum, in advance.—*Reveille*.

PROGRESS OF REFORM.—Two of the great ecclesiastical bodies most intimately connected with the slaveholding churches of the South, at their annual meetings this spring, have specially urged the subject of imparting religious instruction to the slave population.—*N. Y. Ev. Mirror*.

TRINITY CHURCH.—This building, which has been closed for a few weeks to allow the contractors to complete their work, was open on Sunday for divine service.—*New York paper*.

Several churches in this city were open on Sunday for the same purpose.—*Chronotype*.

In allusion to the report that G. P. R. James, the novelist, is about to visit this country, the Picayune expresses the hope that "Cooper will not kick up a fuss, and cause him to be mobbed."—*Metropolis*.

An officer of the French Army, who was wounded in the attack on Rome, writes to a friend:

"It made a powerful impression on us to hear the music of the Italian bands during the battle playing *La Marseillaise* and *Le Chant du Départ*. These airs filled us with the deepest sadness."

It is said that a subscription has been opened among the soldiers in the army of the Alps, in aid of their comrades who have been imprisoned for their adherence to the Democratic and Socialist cause. The same measure was to be taken by the Army at Paris. It gives us great pleasure, says the *Republicain de Lyons*, "thus to see the sentiment of unity and solidarity gaining ground among the soldiers of the Republic."—*Tribune*.

"Who's that Knocking at the Door?"

In New Orleans lately, a mysterious knocking was nightly heard from the inside of the store of Mr. Ducomme, tailor. The attention of the vigilant watch was soon called to the fact; still the noise continued—a constant knocking was kept up, and in spite of the warning tones of the police, the tap, tap, tap, of the midnight operator could be distinctly heard. The door was opened, and no one found! Nightly, the invisible visitant repeats the knocking. The *Crescent* says, that the rooms above and below have been searched, walls examined, furniture moved—all to no purpose; when the door is closed at night, operations again commence and the bewildered police in vain attempt to find the cause. The discovery would doubtless gratify the young Duecomeaus, who each night sit erect in bed, with teeth chattering and hair erect, as the mysterious tapping continues.

California.

A correspondent of the Ohio (Columbus) Statesman, suggests, as a distinct appellation for California emigration and emigrants, the term *Chrysades* and *Chrysaders*. This is a modification of the well-known terms, *Crusades* and *Crusaders*—converting, by the change of one letter, only, and the addition of another, the soldiers of the Cross into gold-seekers.—*Cist's Advertiser, Cincinnati*.

The editor of *Wright's Casket*, is preparing a list of periodicals published in this country and Canada, and desires to make it a complete Periodical Library. Persons are requested to furnish a specimen copy of their Magazine or Newspaper to the address of "Wright's Casket," Philadelphia, Pa.

Editors please copy the above.

The New York Metropolis, makes the following encouraging announcement to the manufacturers of patent medicines:

"We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured a stout, healthy young man, who will take all patent medicines advertised in this paper, and furnish certificates of any desired stringency, according to price, to the proprietors."

The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." To which the Louisville Journal replies: "It might have been added, that the said gardener, in consequence of his imprudent match, lost his situation."

The Emigrants arriving here daily are of a very superior class. The large number of respectable and educated young men from England, Ireland, and Scotland, to be found in the boarding-houses, is really surprising. Most of them are preparing to go West.—*Tribune*.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamer Hibernia.

England.

The Navigation Bill has passed the Lords, and the one to enable Jews to sit in Parliament, (Jewish Disabilities Bill,) has passed the Commons.

The Ministry approve the Canadian Indemnity Bill, and fully sustain Lord Elgin.

The Marquis of Lansdowne stated, in the Lords, that the Government had, upon every fitting occasion, recommended the restoration of the Pope, and the re-establishment of his power.

Lord Palmerston stated that the Government thought this should be done by diplomatic intervention, and in such manner as to secure to the people, the Constitution granted last year, and a real separation between the temporal and spiritual power.

Mr. Cobden is making a movement intended to effect the settlement of national difficulties by arbitration instead of war.

Sir Robert Peel has made a deeply sympathetic statement, in the Commons, of the wretchedness of Ireland.

Smith O'Brien having denied the right of the Crown to commute the sentence of an Irish Court for treason, Lord Campbell submitted a bill declaring that the Crown does possess this power. Lord Brougham sustains the measure.

Crops are favorable.

The Cholera is increasing.

Ireland.

Lord Campbell's Bill in the English Parliament, to enable Government to transport Smith O'Brien, excites great indignation.

To make a law to punish a political enemy, after trial, is considered clearly unconstitutional.

The county of Wexford intend to meet, not to agitate or to emigrate, but to call on their representatives "to depart from that thing called the Imperial Parliament," never to return to it; to assert the just claim of the country to its soil and produce; and to make known their determination to struggle to the death for this truth and justice. The new Democratic Journal, the "Irishman," takes up this theme with great boldness and vigor.

The ravages of disease and famine continue unabated.

France.

A procession of 25,000 men, on their way to the Assembly, to present a petition to have the Roman Republic recognized, was dispersed by the troops of Gen. Changarnier.

The procession was headed by about 12,000 National Guards, unarmed, and led by M. Etienne Arago, and several other officers of the Guard.

After the forcible dispersion of the petitioners, slight attempts at insurrection were made, and speedily put down.

M. Ledru-Rolin made an intemperate speech in the Assembly, which had the effect of frightening away the Moderates, and giving the Ministry a majority in the vote which followed.

It was rumored that Rolin's party (the Mountain) had secretly organized a Government, to act in case the insurrection should succeed.

The troops used to overawe the agitators, were about 70,000.

The city was quiet after the demonstration, and the President and Gen. Changarnier, on appearing in the streets, were received with much enthusiasm.

by the masses. Cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* were heard.

The Assembly voted to sustain the Ministry in their treatment of the Romans.

The Assembly is declared *en permanence*, and Paris in a state of siege.

The Artillery Legion of the National Guard, suspected of favoring the late movement, has been discharged and partially disarmed.

M. Ledru-Rolin, Arago, Felix Pyat, and others, have been arrested. Also the editors of nearly all the liberal journals,—these being suppressed.

The whole movement is unfavorable to the Socialists.

Marshal Begeaud died, on the 10th ultimo, of Cholera. This disease seems to have reached its climax, and is decreasing.

Spain.

The Queen has granted an amnesty, and the Senate were to pass a vote of thanks.

It was rumored that the troops in Italy were to be re-inforced.

Italy.

Gen. Oudinot violated the late armistice and attacked Rome, intending to take it by surprise. But the Romans were prepared, and a bloody contest ensued. The French gained some important positions, which will enable them to command the city, to a great extent. The blood of the soldiers is up, and their disinclination to fight the Romans is overcome by national pride.

The Romans behaved gallantly, and are resolved to defend the city to the last.

Oudinot's brother is said to be killed.

There is but small hope for Rome or Venice.—The latter is closely besieged. The Austrians are directing their force against Ancona. The Spaniards are at Terracina.

The Tyrol was said to be in insurrection.

Hungary.

No further battles have taken place. The confederates are concentrating and awaiting the appointment of a commander-in-chief. Jealousies respecting the different commands, are beginning to appear between the Russian and Austrian officers. The last rumor says, that Radetsky, who is a field-marshall in the Russian service, as well as the Austrian, will be made Generalissimo. The Arch-Duke Michael and Constantine, are expected down.

The utmost enthusiasm prevails among the people, who are flocking to the Magyar standard, in great numbers. Several hundreds of the Szekler maidens, of commanding stature, have begged permission to form companies of chasseurs.

Kossuth entered Pesth, the capital, on the 4th ult., amidst enthusiastic cheers.

The government wishes to contract for carrying the mails, for ten years.

The splendid bridge to Ofen has been repaired, and the schools of Natation, re-opened.

Russia.

The recent conspiracy was very formidable, and the prisons are filled with the actors.

The government has issued a manifesto to its foreign representatives, explaining the reasons for the Hungarian intervention.

The Czar assembled the Russian and Polish bishops at St. Petersburgh, and made them a speech. He declared that religious faith was lost in the West—that it existed only in Russia—that a revolutionary spirit was a spirit of impiety—and requested their co-operation.

The Circassians have gained another important victory.

Germany.

Serious disturbances are still threatened in the South.

Denmark.

Frederica is bombarded—the Germans still successful. The king has ratified a new Constitution.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Father Matthew has finally arrived.

The crevasse at N. Orleans, is effectually closed, and the water has retired.

The Cholera is increasing in N. Y.

The Sanitary Committee of that city have seized on one of the largest Ward School Houses, and made it a Cholera Hospital. The Board of Education remonstrate justly against this arbitrary arrangement of the educational machinery, by a body of men unconnected with it.

The Cholera is in Montreal.

There has been none in Syracuse, as yet.

President Taylor is expected to leave Washington about the middle of August, passing through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and reaching Syracuse in time for the State Fair; then passing thro' the capitals of several N. England States, home.

GLEANINGS.

MR. CLAY COMING NORTH!—Mr. Clay, it is said, intends leaving home shortly, for the Northern Lakes, on account of his health.

THE RT. REV. MR. TYLER, Catholic Bishop, died at Providence lately.

THE STATE HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, is in the middle of a small lake, navigable for small craft. The State officers work their way to their offices on rafts and in canoes.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, has regained his health and resumed his pastoral labors.

GEN. SCOTT is lying very ill of chronic diarrhea, at West Point.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, have adopted a resolution declaring it inexpedient, by a vote of 189 against 86, to legislate on the subject of capital punishment.

THE HON. DAVID WILMOT is to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July, at Towanda, Pa.

THE FIVE POINTS.—A project is being agitated in New York, to rid the city of the famous nuisance, known as the "Five Points."

EX-PRESIDENT POLK was born Nov. 2, 1796, and died at the age of 54, the youngest of all the Presidents.—*Post.*

EX-PRESIDENT POLK, it is said, has left one hundred thousand dollars, the greater part of which is settled upon his most estimable and accomplished widow.

HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS is to deliver an Eulogy on the late Ex-President Polk, before the Democracy of Philadelphia.

CHARLES H. DELAVAN, of New York, has been appointed Consul at St. Thomas.

DEATH OF REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.—The Traveller announces the death of Rev. Wm. Tappan, of Boston. He was ill only a few hours. Mr. Tappan was favorably known by his poetical productions.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK, it is said, is determined to have the grog-shops shut up on the Sabbath. Good.

THE MASS MEETING HELD IN PLATTE COUNTY, Missouri, to instruct Senator Benton, was a public failure.

THE PRESBYTERIANS AND CONGREGATIONAL CLERGY OF IOWA, have united in founding a college at Davenport, Iowa.

Correspondence.

JOURNAL OF A GOLD-SEEKER.

(CONTINUED.)

March 1st. A general row on board, caused by the discovery of a large quantity of powder in the ship—brought on board surreptitiously. The captain, hero like, soon put an end to the uproar, by playing the second part to the tune of Boston harbor—casting it into the sea. Smooth sea—sickness vanished—music and dancing—all hearts light and merry.

Sunday, 4th. Tempest through the night; a severe gale to-day; no religious service; poor me! rolling with sea sickness again! heavy sea; water washing the decks. Lat. $35^{\circ} 37' \text{m.}$, Long. $65^{\circ} 48'$.

Monday, 5th. Waves mountains high; baggage gave away in the night, and O, what a row! all dark; all confusion; fine time for the fun-loving; men and baggage all in a heap; some scolding; some laughing; some working to get things to rights again; some coolly listening to the music. Each one for himself.

Wednesday, 7th. For the first time in two weeks, I find myself able to draw off my notes. But what an unenviable time is this for such a purpose! In the cabin, my companions constantly passing and repassing between my table and the light, that table enclosoed on the surface by two inch bars to preserve the crockery "in loco," the rolling and pitching of the vessel—all these accompaniments give one a delightful opportunity to display his powers of composition, to say nothing of his patience. A fine time we have had to-day with the Captain, because our rice was but half cooked. I being appointed orator on the occasion, waited on his "highness," and had an interesting interview; by offering to assist the cook! I got kicked one side, but gained my point—a promise of better things in future.

Thursday 8th. After two weeks of head winds and storm, we once more bound forward with all sails set, at the rate of 8 and 10 knots an hour. 'Tis night, and with a most beautiful eclipse of the moon to gaze at, we speed on our course. For the first day since sailing, I am in good health; sea sickness has departed.

A full moon at sea, two-thirds eclipsed, with the waves rolling and tossing in the distance, and now and then a passing cloud to give variety to the scene, forms one, most beautiful to behold. Unlike anything I ever saw before, this luminary at sea, in her last quarter, presents the appearance of a brilliantly illuminated balloon, diffusing its bright light over mountain wave, broken spray, and down in the deep gulfs. Provoking! a wave has just broken over the vessel, and dashing down the hatchway, has given my poor book, and face, a complete shower bath; has not only soiled my book, but broken my train of thought. Suffice it to say, such exhibitions of beauty and sublimity, are far beyond my weak powers of description!

Sunday, 11th. 138 miles from New York.—Had a most awful gale last night, the worst since sailing. For divine service we sang two hymns, read two chapters, had a short sermon, and a prayer offered by Doct. C.

Tuesday, March 13th, P. M. A rough night and rainy morning, but now a clear sky and fair wind. Some of us have availed ourselves of the rainy weather, to do up the washing, and our clothes now hang out to dry—evidences of our industry and housekeeping abilities! Our dog had another fit, to-day, and we threw him overboard;

some thought he had the hydrophobia. All hands satisfied with the dinner to-day, both as to quantity and quality, for the first time.

Evening. Our band are discoursing sweet music; how delightful to the ear while "o'er the waters gliding." Sailors' hearts are always made merry by music; but they have a perfect horror of whistling; no sailor, if he ever whistles, will do so after sundown.

Monday, 19th. The morning sun is just peering above the clouds, and reveals to us, off the starboard bow, a sail ho! She appears disabled, and our clipper runs down to meet her, and she heaves to. All is excitement at the prospect of speaking with a vessel. This is the first opportunity and we have been 25 days out. The band is out ready to give them a happy greeting. O ye landsmen! ye know not what it is to live, until you have been at sea, and with a good band of music, spoke a noble ship on the great waters. But hark! who is she? The *Henry Lee*! the *Henry Lee*! who left a week before us; of nearly twice our burden; a noble ship! She nears us; she is one perfect cloud of human beings; and most happy they appear as they raise their shouts of joy, and under full sail we ride majestically toward them. They near us. The clippers now command silence, and clear their throats for a greeting. "Are you all well?" "All well." "How did you lose your mast?" "Was struck by lightning a week ago, and lost my main and mizzen topmasts. No one hurt." They pass on amid the music, waving hats and flags, and the booming guns of both parties. She falls in our wake only 100 yards distant. Her crowd of men gather about her bow, we about the stern of our little bark; but we cannot speak; no sounds can be heard at this distance, above the roaring and dashing of the waves. 'Tis a sight I have long pined for—a large ship at sea, under full sail! and here she is, bounding after us, now rearing her noble bow out of the sea—now hiding her hull from our view, as she descends into the abyss, and a huge wave comes up between us. O this is life on a most brilliant scale! It was amusing to witness the strict etiquette observed by these ships as they first hove in sight of each other. The Nautilus hoisted the American flag, and our visitor the same. We then pulled down, and hoisted our name, to which movement she promptly responded, and now they wheel round each other most gracefully, and bear off on the old track toward the land of promise.—(To BE CONTINUED.)

A New Planet.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 19, 1849.

Messrs. Editors of the UNION:

You will undoubtedly be pleased to learn, that within the two last months, a new member of our solar system, has been discovered. Such is indeed the fact.

A new planet was found by Prof. De Gasparis, of Naples, about the middle of April—I should think, the 12th.

He communicated his discovery to Prof. Schumacher, of Altona, who saw it about the middle of May. These facts found their way to this country through British papers, but have been confirmed by the arrival of Prof. Schumacher's "*Astronomischer Nachrichter*," giving, in addition, a couple of observed places.

This, as a matter of course, is not sufficient to determine its orbit; still, it is, in all probability, an Asteroid.

If Astronomers persevere, all the fragments of the planets which some suppose to have exploded,

will be, some of these days, recognized as belonging to the Sun's family, and brought home. Look out next for a new Planet, off in the neighborhood of Neptune.

Till then,

Yours, truly,

R. D. J.—

Educational.

From Wright's Casket

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Copy of a resolution adopted by the School Directors in Municipality No. Two, City of New Orleans.

"Resolved, That J. A. Shaw, Superintendent of Public Schools, be appointed a delegate to attend a National Convention of the friends of Common Schools, to be held at Philadelphia, on Wednesday 22d August next, together with any members of the Board that may be at the North at that time.

Passed, April 6th, 1849.

(Signed)

"F. R. SOUTHMAYD,

See. of the Board of Directors of the Public Schools,
Municipality No. 2, N. Orleans."

For a few years past the three Municipalities of New Orleans have liberally sustained a Public School system. The Second Municipality opened its first school, with a small number of pupils, in Jan. 1812. The Third soon pursued a similar course, and the First, in about two years.

These brief remarks will be confined to the schools of the Second Municipality, for I am not sufficiently acquainted with the schools in the other sections of the city, to give any details respecting them.

The earliest age at which children are admitted to these schools, is five years. They advance from one grade to another according to their attainments, without reference to age, except that they must be twelve years old, to enter the High Schools. There is nothing peculiar in the course of studies, or the modes of discipline, to distinguish these seminaries from well regulated Public Schools in the Eastern cities. The High Schools are designed for those only, who can bear an examination in the more common English studies; and the principal difference between the one for the boys and that for the girls, is, that the Latin and Greek languages receive no attention in the latter school. Also in the boys' school, other studies, at the option of parents, may be pursued in their stead.

There has been a regular increase from year to year, in the numbers attending these schools. At the close of the first year, they numbered between eight and nine hundred. One month ago there belonged to them two thousand, six hundred, and forty-three pupils. The number would probably have been about three thousand, had the health of the city been as favorable as it usually is at this season of the year. Four thousand, four hundred and sixteen different pupils attended at some time during the year 1848.

The people of the Municipality have sustained these schools with a cheerful liberality, ever since their commencement, and have already erected four large and commodious school-houses. About as many more are already needed, as several of the schools are now kept in buildings rented for the purpose.

About four-fifths of the teachers, more than sixty in number, are females. A general Superintendent devotes his whole time to the schools, and

THE LITERARY UNION.

weekly visits are also made the duty of committees from the board of Directors.

Monthly meetings of the teachers are held, under the direction of a committee of the Board; and semi-monthly meetings of such teachers as belong to Primary departments, are conducted by the Superintendent.

Between four and five years ago, a Public Library was commenced, now containing *eight thousand* well selected and well bound volumes, already as large and valuable a library as any in the southwest. It is not free to all the pupils, nor are other persons excluded from it. Any pupil can become a life member of the Library Association, by paying twenty-five cents a month, till the sum amounts to nine dollars. Other persons have the use of the library by an annual payment of five dollars. Several valuable donations have been made to it; but a principal source of its funds consists in the fines which are collected for a violation of any of the Municipal ordinances.

All who are entitled to the use of the library, will also be admitted to courses of lectures on Natural Philosophy and other appropriate subjects.—The ordinance establishing the library requires that a certain portion of its funds shall be annually expended in purchasing apparatus and in compensating lecturers. The spacious hall which the Municipality is now erecting for the accommodation of its public offices, will contain two large and convenient apartments for the library and the lecture room.

As an indication of the favor with which this community regards the free school system, I can say that there has never been a single dissenting voice in the Council, respecting any of the appropriations made to sustain it, which now amount to fifty thousand dollars a year, without including the erection of school houses.

The public schools of the First and Third Municipalities probably have nearly as many pupils in the aggregate, as those of the Second.

This first enterprise in the south-west for the establishment of Public Schools, has been crowned with complete success. Several cities and villages in this State, and in Mississippi, have entered on a similar course, and I trust that the good work will be carried forward, till all the inhabitants of our broad domain will be fitted to maintain in their purity, those free institutions of government with which heaven has blest us.

S.

Normal Schools in Maine.

The Committee on Education in the Maine House, have presented a long Report on the subject of Normal Schools, wherein it is thought expedient to establish a State Normal School whenever the friends of Education will furnish a suitable building for the use of said school.

Parochial Schools.

We regret that there should be occasion for paragraphs like the following, which we clip from an exchange paper. After the signal rebuke which sectarians recently met with in N. England, in their efforts to break down the glorious system of common schools, we had hoped to see pursued a more liberal and rational course.

PRESBYTERIAN EDUCATION.—The Presbyterians have set themselves seriously at work to educate their children. Their General Assembly recommended last year, that each Presbytery should establish parochial schools and academies within its borders, and by the report made to the Assembly at its late meeting, it seems that seventy-six primary schools, and thirty academies, have already been put in operation.

Agricultural.

From the Albany Cultivator

Farming in Western New-York.

Ens. CULTIVATOR.—On reading in the Feb. and March numbers of *The Cultivator*, F. Holbrook's description of Judge Hayes' farming on a hard, hungry, New England soil, we have a fine example of what industry, economy, and practical science will do towards making the "desert blossom as the rose." But it would be not less an interesting spectacle if we could once look upon a farm in this alluvial* county, on which a tithe of the same labor and manure, had been thus judiciously expended and applied. 'Tis true, we have many good farmers in western New York, men well read in the theory, and practiced in the details of their great calling if we compare them with the mass of farmers in the same favored section of the earth's surface. But how will they compare with such masterly men as Adam Anthony, of Rhode Island, or W. A. Hayes, of Maine, in the art of overcoming great natural obstacles, and the quickening of primitive sterility. As well, perhaps, as the general who takes his troops to the battle field on steam-boats or railroads will compare with the Carthaginian of old, who had first to soften and reduce the rocks before his army could scale the Alps, to look down upon the battle field.

It will be urged that necessity is alike the goad to genius and industry, and the mother of invention; but that our soil requires no such labor and expense as the barren detritus of New England, and the extra amount of crop would not pay for the outlay, &c., &c. To meet this stereotyped argument, I only ask for a tithe of the labor, and no other amendment to the soil, than a judicious making, saving and application of the manures which are inherent to, and may be made on the farm.—I now appeal to those truly intelligent farmers of this (Seneca) county, who read *The Cultivator*, if a tenth part of the labor and expense bestowed by Judge Hayes in carting clay on his sandy lots, with the other amendments and extra tillage bestowed by him, would not enable them to grow twice as many bushels of grain to the acre as they now grow? or at least half as many imperial bushels to the acre as is grown in England, on the best farms, under the best cultivation? But if the best Seneca county farmers are still behind some of those in Old and New England, they are second to none in New-York. The premiums awarded to farms in our county by the State Ag. Society, two years successively, as the best farms in the Empire State, are intrinsic evidence of the fact.

Much good is to be anticipated from the improved and improving practice and example of such men; while they adopt the mode of wheat culture, the very tidy farming of their immediate neighbors of German blood, they ingraft upon it those late discoveries in the composition of manure and the art of manuring, which properly belongs to agricultural science. Such is the force of the example of such individuals on the rural economy of this county, that even those farmers among us who have heretofore scandalized *book farming* as empiricism, begin now to yield to the ocular proofs of what the book has done, and is now doing. In fact, many of our farmers begin of late to be impressed with the dignity of their calling; and to embrace the belief that the *book* is as necessary to the farmer, as to the mathematician, the architect, the lawyer, or the

priest. But there is still in every community of farmers the egotistic impracticable class, which blindly abuses heaven's best treasure. Such men will never take the hint that the fat of their soil is not as indefeasible as their title to its measured acres, until they learn it in the diminution and failure of crop. Such men not only waste their manure, but their general practice of tillage is alike superficial, behind hand, reckless. When they are told in order to induce them to save their field and house ashes, that no plant can grow without the elements of its ashes, and that the ashes of all plants are nearly the same, their reply is, "I don't believe in your *book farming*." I sometimes think that the art, and I may now say the science of tillage, has no charms for such men, beyond the present food and dollars they force from the soil. The earth's products, instead of exciting the mind of such individuals to the interesting study of nature's laws, the *modus operandi* by which she produces and multiplies, in her vegetable and animal kingdoms and then dissolves and reproduces from the scattered elements. It would seem that their marvellousness is the only faculty of the mind interested in the matter. As the Athenian raised an altar to the Unknown God, so do such self-blinded men, deify and erect an altar to the moon, as the patron saint of their trade and calling.

The farmers of western New-York have yet but a superficial knowledge of the inexhaustible treasure they possess in the rich diluvial formation of their soil; 'tis said that layers of hard pan are in some places deposited near the surface, but the subsoil generally contains organic remains, with all the salts necessary to produce the maximum yield of cereal grains, to a great depth. On the plateau of Varick and Romulus, the table land between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, the soil is a heavy loam; when the forest was first cut off, great crops of wheat and other cereals were produced, but now the surface soil is worn down heavy and dead; water sometimes stands on a hundred fields until the summer months, so that the average yield of the cereal grains, according to the late statistics of our Ag. Society, is much lower there, than in the other towns of Seneca county. Draining is the panacea for such lands; their organic treasures are inexhaustible. One farmer in Romulus, whose farm is almost a perfect level, told me that the only perfect wheat he had grown for many years, was on the subsoil thrown out of the main ditch, which he had cut the same season the wheat was sown, to relieve the field from surplus water. S. W.

Waterloo, Seneca Co., March 12, 1849.

Gates.

Every field on the farm should be entered by a good self-shutting and self-fastening gate. A proper inclination in hanging will secure the former requisite, and a good latch, properly constructed, the latter. Each field should be numbered, and the number painted on the gate-post. Let the farmer who has BARS instead of gates make a fair trial of their comparative convenience, by taking them out and replacing them, without stopping, as often as he does in one year on his farm, say about six hundred times, and he cannot fail to be satisfied which is the cheapest for use.

THE CROPS.—The Grain fields in this neighborhood look well. There is every prospect of an abundant harvest.—*Appalachian, (Penn.)*

A Fruit Growers' Convention is to be held at Montpelier, Vt., on Thursday, 18th October next.

* I say alluvial, because diluvia is often without the elements of rich alluvium.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks:

From the Chicopee Telegraph.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort; to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance—W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the Monthly Rose, (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the Lily.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the Universeum.

"**LITERARY UNION**."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

CLARK & BROTHER'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERREOTYPE Of various sizes, all of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.

June 7, 1849.

J. M. CLARK,
F. J. CLARK.

CITY DRUG STORE.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock, and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons.

Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Selected with great care *expressly* for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, *expressly* for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, SPECTACLES, CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where SILVER-WARE of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of *17 SILVER EQUAL TO COIN*.

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periodoscopic Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

PLATED & BRITANNIA WARE OF ALL KINDS.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skilful workmen.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of Teeth on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

ANALYTICO MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
43, Second Street,
BETWEEN STATE AND CONGRESS,

TROY, N. Y.

R. J. WHITE, } ANALYTICAL PHYSICIANS.
H. TUBBS. }

This Institute is established for the Treatment of all Diseases of the Fluids and Solids, Chronic or Acute, upon Analytical Principles. Medical advice can at all times be obtained, either verbally or by letter, (post paid.)

ALL ADVICE GRATUITOUS.

MUSIC STORE.

DICKINSON & ALLEN,
DEALERS IN

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

PHYSIC & SURGERY.

DR. THOMAS SPENCER,

Office over Major Dana's Store, corner Warren and Canal Streets, Syracuse, N. Y.

PROSPECTUS OF LITTEL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchant, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

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Onions,	.50	Sheep Pelts.	50a 1 00
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PROSPECTUS OF

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The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lisings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled " Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind?

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